

The Evening World.

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AS THE FIGURES COME IN.

THE much-discussed valuation of the country's railroads begins to turn in figures. As to their meaning so far there can be no mistake.

This week the Interstate Commerce Commission reported on the Kansas City Southern Railway. Capitalized at \$99,052,000, including \$51,000,000 of stock and \$48,052,000 of unmatured bonded debt, this railroad, the Commission finds, could be reproduced new for \$46,274,863. Allowing for depreciation of equipment, the cost of reproduction need be only \$38,238,909.

Examination of the Kansas City, Pittsburgh and Gulf Railroad, a subsidiary of the Kansas City Southern, showed that "apparently \$45,279,000 in securities were issued against an actual money outlay of \$15,288,751."

Last week the Interstate Commerce Commission valuers announced that the cost of reproducing the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico Railway would be \$8,865,636. This road is capitalized at \$40,938,031.

Only two relatively unimportant railroads thus far valued and already the methods that have been the evil geni of American railroad finance are found at work!

The reckless policy of capitalizing future earnings, possibilities, promises, of pyramiding unlimited issues of stocks upon a slender column of tangible values, of trying to squeeze out of a \$10,000,000 property enough profit to pay dividends on a \$50,000,000 capital—this is the sort of thing that has finally driven so many American railroads to seek aid wherever they could find it, delivered them into the clutches of financiers who have wrung them dry, ruined their credit, depreciated their once gilt-edged securities, demoralized their common stock and brought disaster upon hundreds of thousands of small shareholders who trusted their boards of directors.

No country could escape being swamped if its farmers and wage-earners had to go on indefinitely bearing the burdens piled upon them by gigantic corporations who must find money for dividends on a capital from three to five times as large as the value of their actual assets.

What would be the reduction in fares and freight rates in the United States if every railroad were to figure profits not on its capitalization but on what it is really worth?

The British Foreign Office has refused safe conduct through British waters to Count Adam Tarnowski von Tarnow, the newly appointed Austrian Ambassador to the United States, who is now in Holland waiting to sail for New York—Cable despatch.

Why not send the gentleman in a submarine?

FOLLOW IT UP.

THE District Attorney's investigation of the coal situation, following The Evening World's disclosures of price boosting schemes behind the coal market, seems to have hit a warm trail.

If it proves that Burns Brothers, "the biggest coal retailers anywhere," got a rebate of fifteen cents per ton on coal which the Central Railroad of New Jersey transported for them to New York, the coal firm enjoying a special rate-off from coal trestle privileges in Jersey City, it will be easy to understand how Burns Brothers have come to be the anthracite dictators of New York.

The report of a commission appointed by the General Assembly of New Jersey in 1914 to look into the methods of the coal combination lent evidence of a rebate agreement between the Burns company and the Central of New Jersey. The Interstate Commerce Commission last year discovered the profitable arrangement made by the coal company with the railroad at Pier 8, Jersey City.

All this calls for prompt and thorough overhauling in the light of the law. Combination in restraint of trade is a crime. Persons guilty of it can be punished.

Never was speedy and exemplary punishment needed more than at this moment for those who take advantage of monopoly, combination or influence deliberately and needlessly to raise the price of common necessities. With the threat of \$15 a ton coal still lingering in the public mind, "Coal King" is no enviable title.

"And though I ebb in worth, I flow in thanks."

Hits to Sharp Wits.

The newest dandy is said to be "the simplest of all." And judging from the bunch who have mastered the others, that's going some.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The higher the coal the lower the fire! Even soft coal prices are going up. This is hard.—Baltimore American.

He who longs for better things but does not work for them is apt to get bitter things.—Deseret News.

Benefit of doubt is the poorest kind of benefit.—Albany Journal.

In spite of general high prices, the hole in the doughnut continues to hold its own.—Toledo Blade.

If we had an income we'd be glad to pay the tax.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Why should a girl marry for a home if she doesn't expect to stay in it after she gets it?—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

There is one thing that practice never makes perfect, and that's the toothache.—Memphis Commercial-Appel.

How persons are willing these days to take most girls at their face value.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Too often the union terminal is the Athens court.—Deseret News.

Evening World Daily Magazine

Saved!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Example of Inez Milholland

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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TOMORROW all that remains of Inez Milholland Bollesvain will arrive in this city, and they will take her Junoesque body to the majestic Adirondack Mountain.

She will not stop there. She couldn't. She will find her everywhere. She will be down on the east side that she loved so well. The seed she has sown among working girls there will grow—grow until they come to a realization of their just rights and summon the strength to fight for them.

You will find her in Sing Sing Prison, where many a day I spent with her in the interest of some unfortunate who hadn't had the chance to save himself.

You will find her in the asylums of the poor where all summer long she worked on statistics and facts and figures to get at the underlying causes of the derelict, the defective and the decrepit.

Many a time I glanced over that mass of material and wondered at the energy, the strength of her, the

beauty of her that sought subjects so sordid, in the hope of helping humanity.

I am telling you this of my dear, dear friend, that she may prove a precursor, an exemplar, for other women who are taking part in the world's work; that you may recognize her when you see her again, and remember that only her material self, the thing that she credited least unto herself, lies asleep under the big mountain.

When I look about me at the selfish stunts who prate about their "souls," and who can only feel the pin pricks of their own follies, I wish that I could impress them with the fortitude and fearlessness and fineness of purpose of this woman of women.

How easy it might have been for so lovely a creature as she to sit idly by and take the endless homage that passed her way; to live a life of ease and luxury. It would have been a simple matter, indeed. But no; not she. She could not enjoy material things of life and be satisfied, when all about her spilled sorrow and suffering and sadness. She went forth to fight and used every asset to gain something for others, even unto the very end.

The last night before she went West we were in a lawyer's office discussing the case of Stielow, the man who is condemned to die in the week of Dec. 11, unless the hearing before the Governor to-day should result in a commutation of sentence. I am sure that the spirit of Inez is there to-day, pleading for the prisoner in whose innocence she believed. And on that last night, before she

took the trip to espouse the cause of women, she said to me: "You will see to it, won't you, that every effort is made to cheat the electric chair of this innocent man?"

Many, many hours she sat in the death house, trying to get from his weak brain every possible scrap of evidence to save him. And messages came to me during her trip, times without number, "What are you doing about Stielow?" And at last her husband telegraphed to me from her deathbed: "Can't you say something that will strengthen her and will relieve her mind as to the fate of Stielow?"

Unselfish! Almost to a fault. Her's was indeed an example. An example for the idle rich girl who is poor indeed, whose time hangs heavy because it is full of nothingness. An example for the pretty girl who believes that all life means is to smile and dress. An example for the woman of brains who hides them under her maid's wave because she has become a parasite. An example for the woman who thinks that she can gain love when she acquires a man's bank account. An example for all womanhood—Inez Milholland Bollesvain.

"Five thousand dollars, a hundred dollars, a million dollars," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That isn't the fault of the money," replied Mrs. Jarr. "That's the fault of the person. I know if I had all the money I wanted I could be happy. I wouldn't worry."

"How much money would make you happy?" asked Mrs. Jarr with the air of an indulgent husband who could deny his wife nothing.

"Five thousand dollars, a hundred dollars, a million dollars," said Mrs. Jarr.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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BREVITY is the soul of wit, frocks, flirtations, arguments, after-dinner speeches, and epigrams.

A bachelor is never weary of remarking that "all women are alike"—and never tired of changing one woman for another.

As soon as a woman has given a man the key to her heart, he seems to fancy that he has merely to prop it open, and go off and leave it that way, while he tries a few other locks.

After a man has finished advising a girl to live up to her highest ideals he feels so noble and virtuous that he goes right out and takes a drink on the strength of it.

Optimism will never be dead so long as there are still people in the world who continue to try to domesticate everything, from lions to love, and to tame everything wild, from bear cubs to bachelors.

The female of the species may be more deadly than the male—but not more deadly than the male who can sit all evening in a dim cozy-corner under a rose-colored lamp and talk about HIMSELF.

Lying is either a sin or an art, according to how, when, and why you do it.

No matter how academic or spiritual a man's regard for a woman, it doesn't prevent him from taking a new and vital interest in shaving when he is going to call on her.

Marrying your first love is like taking a role in a play at a few moments' notice, and without any rehearsal.

Fifty Boys and Girls Famous in History

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 20.—MARIE STUART; The Girl-Queen of Two Lands.
SHE was a queen before she was a week old. At the same time she suddenly became the greatest heiress and most desirable future bride in all the world.

She was Marie Stuart. History knows her as Mary Queen of Scots. Her father, King James V. of Scotland, died in December, 1542, when Mary, his only child, was but a few days old. From that moment, every sovereign in Europe fixed covetous eyes on the fatherless baby's fortune and title.

When she was only six, there were three formidable suitors for her hand. King Henry VIII. of England—a blackguard of the first magnitude—wanted her to marry his feeble son, who was also a mere child. King Henry II. of France begged her hand for his eldest son, Francis, the French Dauphin (Crown Prince). The Earl of Arran—most powerful noble in Scotland—wished her to wed his own son. (This son of Arran's, by the way, in later years, went insane through hopeless love for her.)

France and England and Scotland were wrangling hotly over the matter when a woman stepped in and decided it for them. The woman was Marie's widowed mother, the Dowager Queen of Scotland.

The mother was of French birth. And she loved France. So all her influence went toward the granting of the French King's suit.

While the three nations squabbled she quietly smuggled Mary out of Dumbarton Castle and over to France.

Thus, at the age of six, the helpless little girl became a pawn in the iron game of international politics. No one cared especially whether the baby Queen was happy or unhappy, or whether the prince chosen as her husband was worthy or despicable. It was her title and estates that were involved. She herself was not allowed to count for anything.

Mary was solemnly betrothed to little Francis, the French Dauphin, who was a year younger than herself. The two children grew up as playmates in the French court until it should be decided that they were old enough to marry.

The French court of that day was about as good a place to bring up a girl child as would be a pest-house or the kennel of a mad dog. The court's morals were indescribably rotten. The King was vile, the Queen was viler, their court circle was vilest.

Virtue and decency were openly sneered at. Every one of the Ten Commandments was shamelessly broken. Goodness was looked on as a weakness. Wit, splendor, oppression, courage, falsehood and crimes of violence were the chief traits of the nobles.

To Mary, fresh from the gray respectability of her Scotch home, it was all very wonderful and delightful. It was a pleasant change from her rigorously guarded babyhood at Dumbarton Castle.

In short, at the most impressionable age, this beautiful and susceptible child was exposed to influences that might well have wrecked the noblest character.

Before blaming Mary Queen of Scots for some of the deeds done by her—or attributed to her—in after years, it is well to remember her horrible upbringing and to deal mercifully with the faults or weaknesses fostered by the life of those early days.

When she was fifteen and Francis was fourteen, Mary and the Dauphin were married. He did not love her. She did not love him. In fact no one loved him. He was a spindly, diseased, peevish princeling, born to die young. Wit, splendor, oppression, courage, falsehood and crimes of violence were the chief traits of the nobles.

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